

ZERO ONE

FALL 1998

ROUND

25

\$3.95 U.S. / \$5.50 CAN.



RUDOLPH THE RED-NOSED REINDEER

THE HOMEROEROTIC SUBTEXT

2. His pal Herbie (the only elf with a carefully

styled 'do and a fur-trimmed elf suit) refuses to make toys like the other elves and spends his time giving dental make-overs to the dolls.



1 Though his Dad begs him to act like a "normal little buck," Rudolph accidentally "outs" himself when his nose starts throbbing and glowing with excitement during a sweaty all-male reindeer game.



3 After running away to "be independent" (winkie, winkie..) the shunned Rudolph and Herbie are picked up by a big, burly outdoorsman — Yukon Cornelius. Two Words: Leather Daddy. Cornelius was kicked out of the Village People for being TOO GAY.

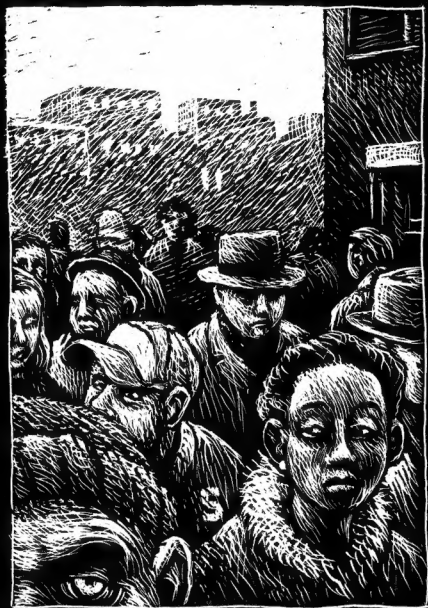
The Boys Had Their Punks on

4 They all end up on The Island of Misfit Toys. Lead by an effeminate Charlie-in-the-Box, the toys break into big Broadway production numbers at the drop of a hat.



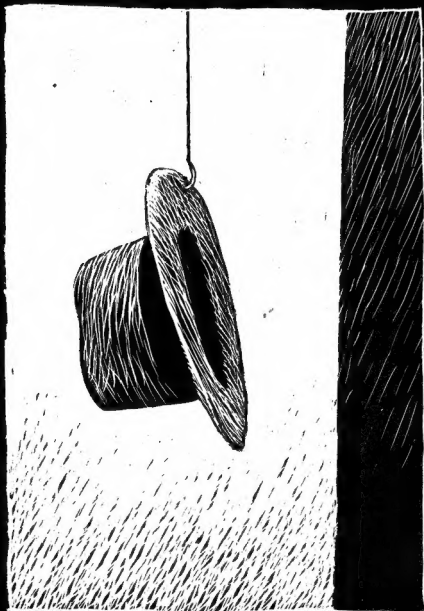
Only Gay men could possibly be this devoted to show tunes

THE HOOK









LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE ARE PLEASED TO PRESENT THIS FOUR-PART COMICS SERIES... BEING THROUGHOUT THIS ISSUE OF ZERO ZERO... ON ONE ORDINARY MAN'S PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP WITH THE WORLD'S GREATEST ROCK 'N' ROLL BAND...

THE STONES AND I

PART I
by Joe "Little Queenie" Sacco ©1994

Here they come, the omnipotent, immortal Rolling Stones, the nearest thing to religion I know... And their Voodoo Lounge tour is a mini-second coming and I've got a ticket to the rapture, Oakland Coliseum, Sec. 114, Row 23, Seat 11.



This has nothing to do with nostalgia, this is the Stones were talking about, and they're a rock institution whose left fingerprints and smears on every decade they've touched...

In the 60s they spooked the squares with their dark, devilish ways...



In the 70s they shocked the straights with their decadence and dissipation...

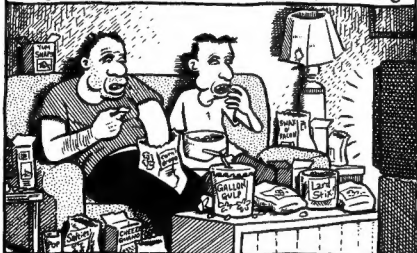


In the 80s...uh...



Anyway, this is the 1990s and now things should get really interesting cause the Stones are in their 50s, uglier than ever, and still raunchy and raising a stink... they're ignoring the naysayers and exit signs as they carve out a new niche for themselves as the world's first and foremost dirty old rock band!

I wish my contemporaries had half the juice the Stones have, but just look at em—20 years younger than Jagger and Co. and already goddamn wrecks! All limps and lumbagoes and layers of chin! And barely enough energy to arrange their snacks alphabetically!



Not that I'm a shining example of aging with dignity, mind you... I've been dragged kicking and screaming down the years...



I squandered my youth on education and career, and now I'm trying to make up for it in triplicate—hanging out with kids half my age, frequenting their clubs, wearing their clothes, and generally making myself a laughingstock...

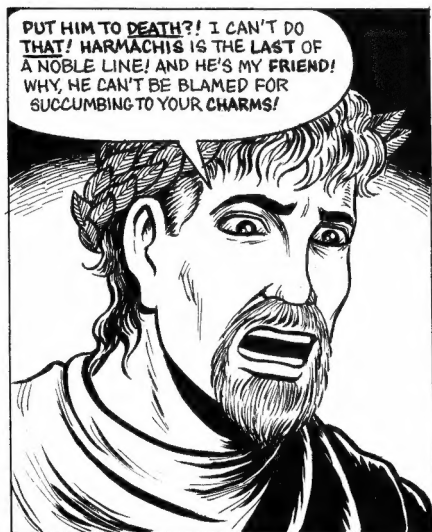


The Stones, on the other hand, have aged on their own terms, and if they're not what they were in '69 or '78, so what? They're like the pyramids or some other fantastic ruin... they're cracked and toppled and beat up, but enough magnificence remains that they still take more of my breath away than most anything else that's come along since...



HOMVNCVLVS: THE ESCAPE

BY
MACK
WHITE



NO ONE NOTICED AS I EMERGED FROM MY HIDING PLACE...



VERY WELL, MOTHER!
I'LL HAVE HIM SLAIN-BUT I
WANT YOU TO KNOW, IT'S A
BIT HARSH!



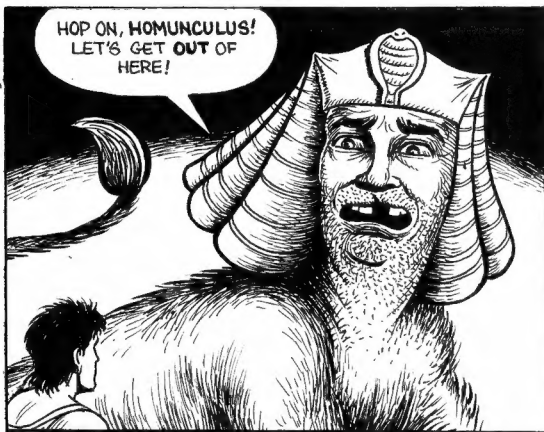
AT THAT MOMENT HARMACHIS FREED HIMSELF...



HE'S GETTING
AWAY!

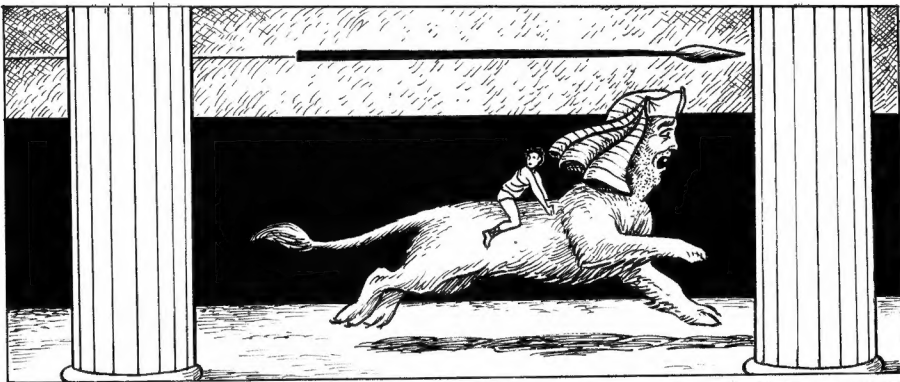


HOP ON, HOMUNCULUS!
LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE!

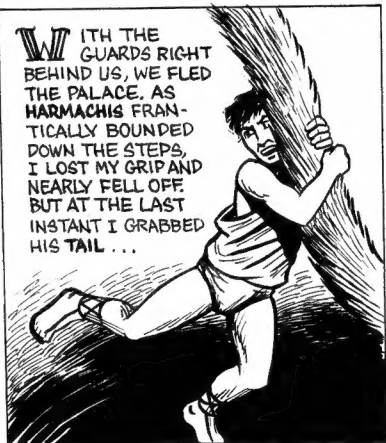


AFTER THEM!

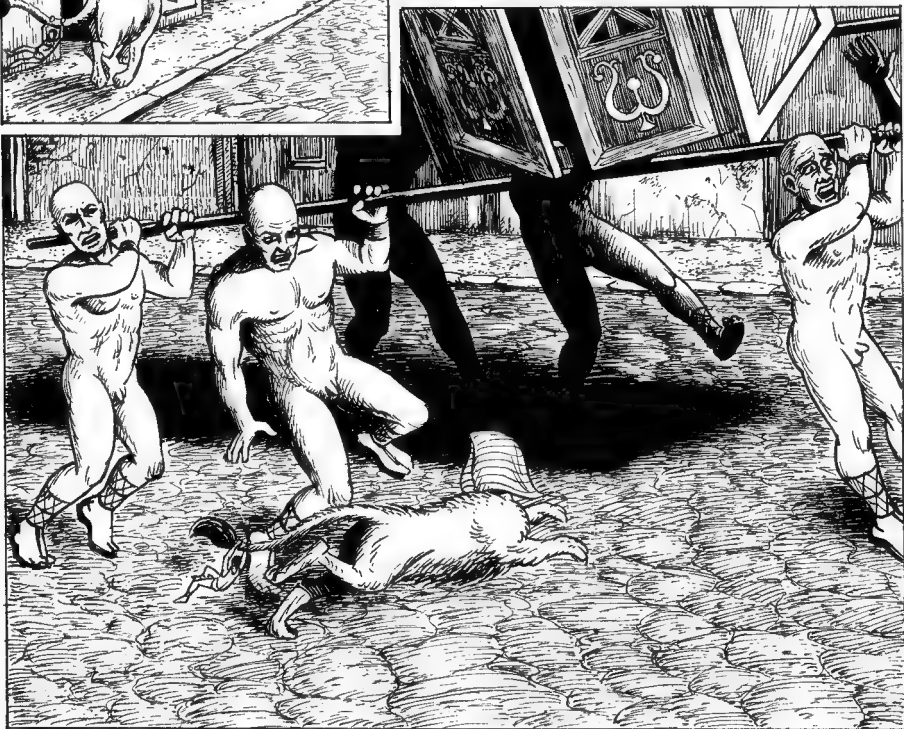
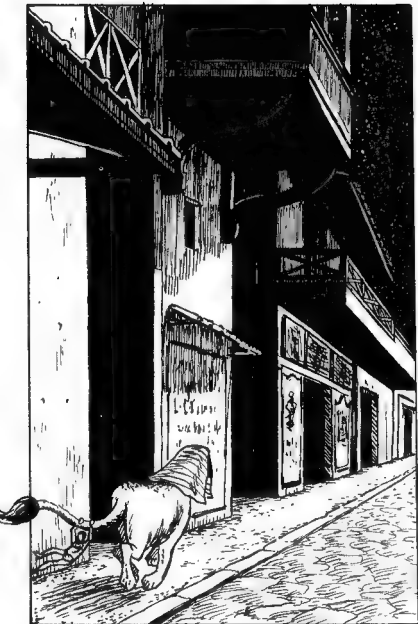




WITH THE GUARDS RIGHT BEHIND US, WE FLED THE PALACE, AS HARMACHIS FRANTICALLY BOUNDED DOWN THE STEPS, I LOST MY GRIP AND NEARLY FELL OFF, BUT AT THE LAST INSTANT I GRABBED HIS TAIL ...



THE GUARDS FELL BEHIND, AND SOON WERE LOST TO SIGHT. BUT HARMACHIS WAS SO BLINDED BY PANIC HE CONTINUED TO RACE AT TOP SPEED...



WE COLLIDED WITH A LITTER.
HARMACHIS TOOK A TUMBLE,
CAUSING ME TO LOSE MY GRIP
ON HIS TAIL AND SEND ME
FLYING...



NO SOONER HAD I LANDED
ON SOLID GROUND THAN I
LOOKED UP TO SEE A
LARGE MAN FALL OUT
OF THE CONVEYANCE...



HE **HIT** THE GROUND, THEN ...



YES, IT WAS
MY OLD FRIEND
CORYMBUS, THE
EUNUCH, WHOM I
HAD THOUGHT DEAD.
YET HERE HE WAS
ALIVE AND IN ROME,
AND BY ALL APPEAR-
ANCES NO LONGER
A SLAVE BUT NOW
A WEALTHY MAN!...

© '98 MACK WHITE



DEAR READER, WE ARE ON THE ROAD, FOUR PLUG GRINS, RAZZY MAMA, BROWN SUGAR, LADY JANE (NOT THEIR REAL NAMES), AND I—BOUND FOR OAKLAND AND OUR APPOINTMENT WITH THE ROLLING YOU-KNOW-WHATS!

THE STONES AND I

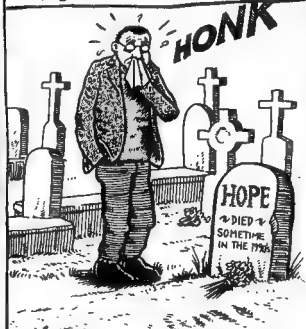
PART II
by Joe
Harris
Sacco
©1994



But the years have crashed behind me one upon another leaving a shambles of wrong choices, loves lost, and empty bags of salted peanuts from airplanes taking me to other people's cities... It's 'Exile on Main Street' and the second side of 'Tattoo You' that speak to me now more than anything the Moptops ever did...



Still, I've shunted the Beatles aside guiltily, as if committing some sort of transigent infidelity, for to embrace the Stones is to acknowledge something else is all but played out and dead in myself...



ON THE OTHER HAND, MAYBE IT'S ONLY ROCK 'N' ROLL...



That's the way Crazy Mama sees it. He's a new fan, fresh from his crash course, to whom the Stones are simply a collection of songs and a string of annotated, cross-referenced anecdotes he's prepared for the trip...



To Lady Jane, the Stones are high show biz... He's hoping the concert will be a spectacle of fireworks, flame throwers, naked Brazilians, and anything else the Stones can think to pile on...



We got to San Francisco where it's Stones on the radio. I'm beginning to panic. I've got more at stake on this trip than entertainment. I need answers, dammit, the meaning of life...



OUR TALE BEGINS IN THE **INKY VOID**.... A TRIO OF WASHED-UP **CARTOON** CHARACTERS STUMBLE OUT OF THEIR VERY LAST PANEL AND INTO....



UNCLE MORTY'S

INCREDIBLE HIGH-DIVING SLINKY TOYS!

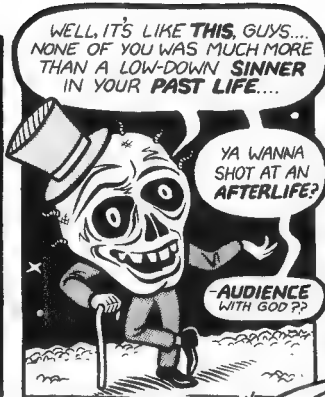


WITH....

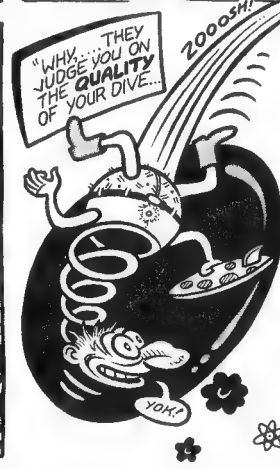
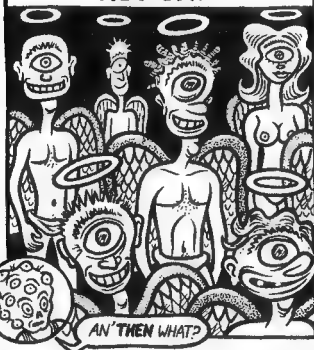


DEATH-DEIFYING!

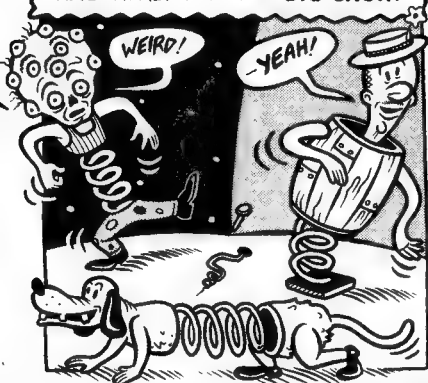
THE
GREATEST
SHOW
IN THE
HEREAFTER!



"IT'S QUITE A **MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE**, REALLY--ALL OF GOD'S ANGELS TURN UP IN **ABUNDANCE** TO WATCH THE **ACTION**!"



SATURDAY MORNING, OUR BOYS ARE IN MORTY'S **SURGICAL TENT** GETTING READY FOR THE **BIG SHOW!**



WHILE OUTSIDE, MORTY WORKS THE **CROWD!**



SOON THE FLAPPING OF ANGEL WINGS FILLS THE **CARNIVAL TENT.....**



AND THEY PLACE THEIR **BETS** ON THE **WORTHINESS** OF EACH DIVER....



SOMETHIN' 'BOUT THIS.... I DON'T LIKE!



I'M S'POSED TO TAKE A **SWAN-DIVE** INTO **HELLFIRE** FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF A **BUNCHA WINGED IDIOTS ??**



-LIKE HELL!









SEE, I'M ALWAYS MAKING
STUFF UP TO AMUSE MYSELF
WITH..... THEN IT JUST.....
TAKES OVER !! - THANKS
FOR TH' CLEANUP, KIDDO!



YOU
EARNED
THOSE
WINGS,
EDDIE!

AND
HOW!



AND IN CASE YOU
GET **BORED**.....NEED
SOMEBODY T' PLAY
WITH....



WELL....

BURT!

OH
SHIT!

HEY...
IT'S MORTY!

FLAP!

CELESTIAL
MUSIC

UGGH!
DEATH
SUCKS!

-YAVY!!
AFTERLIVES
GREAT!

SHAR!

POW!

EDEN
THISAWAY

© '97
G.O.H.

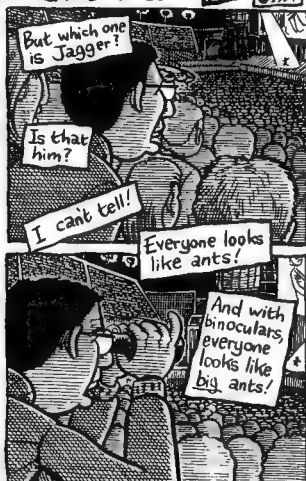
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!

FRIENDS! ROMANS! COUNTRYMEN! WE ARE IN THE OAKLAND COLISEUM, WAITING! THE PLACE IS FILLED UP! A CAPACITY CROWD! THE BIG MOMENT HAS COME!

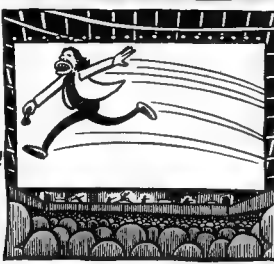
THE STONES AND I

PART III

by Joe Out of Tears Sacco © 1994



Wait! There he is on the giant screen! It's Jagger! He runs down one ramp and across stage! He runs up the other ramp! Then back to the stage! And up a ramp! And down! And up it again!

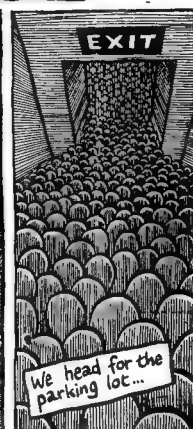
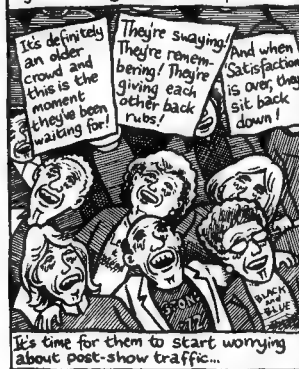


What a performance! The 100-yard dash! A four-minute mile! The 200-meter high jump! With triple axel! And now he's running a relay! He's got a baton in his hand!



Wait! It's a microphone! 'Cause Jagger isn't just a fitness video! He's a singer, too! He's clobbering us with greatest hits! 'Honky Tonk!' 'Sympathy!' 'Tumbling'!

Satisfaction starts up and tens of thousands of dental assistants and insurance adjusters are yanked to their feet...

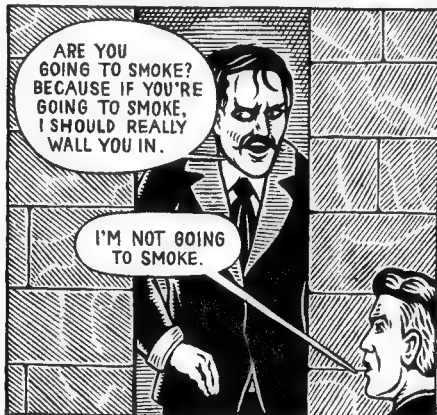
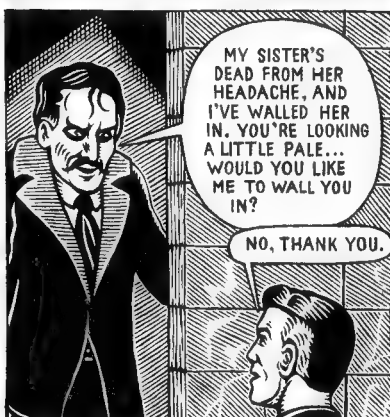


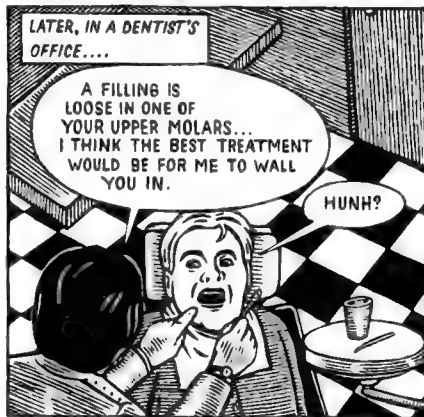
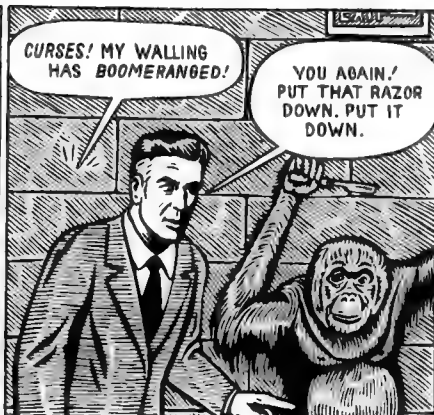
CLASSY, POE-STYLE HORROR!

The HOUSE OF WALLS

P. Revis

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
KING CHAMIGNON & WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE





THE CONCERT IS OVER AND MY MATES AND I HAVE ENSCONCED OURSELVES IN A DARK NORTH BEACH BAR TO BEGIN WHAT WILL DOUBTLESSLY BECOME WEEKS, IF NOT YEARS, OF REFLECTION...

THE STONES AND I

PART II
by Joe You
Can't Always
Get What
You Want
© 1994



But I'm somewhat reticent and a little sulky... I didn't have my tête-à-tête with the Rolling Stones... I mean, it was hard to tell whether Mick Jagger liked me personally... Okay, he asked how I was doing, if I was having a good time...



I suppose the Rolling Stones have mattered so much to me on a personal level that I couldn't quite swallow sharing them with a bunch of mere "ticket holders"—people who probably knew the Stones only through who-knows-what shoddy "hits" repackagings and responded best to the most recognizable riffs...



Yet those were precisely the sort of people the show catered to... To have been seduced by the Stones under such circumstances would have been to cheapen myself in their (i.e. the Stones') eyes...



You're asking, what'd you want for your \$50 ticket? Love? And to be fair, the Stones performed their set superbly, and for several moments I almost forgot that I am one of their truest disciples and actually enjoyed myself...



But as far as my relationship with the Rolling Stones goes, the concert was all but incidental. The Stones and I have come too far together for such things to come between us... I'll just have to learn to let them have their other lovers, their silly stadium flings... I know that at home, on the privacy of my own sound system, they are mine and mine alone...



The Search For Smilin' Ed!

by Kim Deitch

The Story Thus Far...

WALDO HAS MADE THE AMAZING DISCOVERY THAT SMILIN' ED, AN OLD TIME TV STAR THOUGHT TO HAVE DIED MYSTERIOUSLY BACK IN THE 1950'S, WAS ACTUALLY RESCUED BY TWELVE WEIRD LITTLE MEN KNOWN AS THE GREY ONES!

AND NOW, IN A SECRET UNDERGROUND HIDEAWAY, ED IS STILL DOING HIS OLD SHOW, EVERY DAY!

LAST TIME, WHILE RELATING THE EXCITING STORY OF HIS LIFE, ED REVEALED SOME RATHER ASTONISHING FACTS ABOUT HIS BIZARRE PUPPET SIDEKICK, FROGGY!

WITH HELP FROM THE MYSTERIOUS, DOC LEDICKER AND YOUNG PSYCHIC MILES MICROFT FROGGY WAS DISCOVERED TO ACTUALLY BE THE MALEVOLENT DEMON, FROGANARDO!



LEDICKER



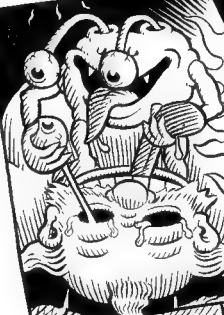
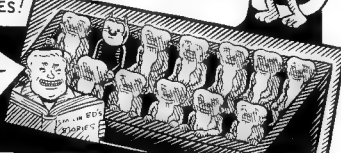
MICROFT

THIS DEMON HAD BEEN SUMMONED FROM THE VERY BOWELS OF HELL BY A FRENCH PEASANT IN POSSESSION OF AN ANCIENT OCCULT SPELL!

THE FOOL WAS IMMEDIATELY STRANGLED!

FROGANARDO MADE A GORY MEAL OF HIS EYES AND BRAINS! THEN ENTERED THE EMPTY SKULL AND RE-ANIMATED THE FRESH KILLED CORPSE!

AND SO, THE DEMON, FROGANARDO, BECAME THE INFAMOUS HOMICIDAL MANIAC, MONSIEUR FROGANARDO!



FOR SEVEN YEARS HE SENT CHILLS OF FEAR INTO THE VERY SOUL OF PROVINCIAL FRANCE! EVEN HIS CAPTURE DID NOT SEEM TO END IT.



THERE WAS
HIS LAUGHING
DEMEANOR AT
BOTH TRIAL
AND EXECUTION.


HAW!
HAW!
HAW!

... AND
THE STRANGE
DISAPPEARANCE
OF HIS DECAPITATED
HEAD!

ALL THESE THINGS
MADE MONSIEUR FROGANARD
AN UNDYING LEGEND IN
THE BLOODY ANNALS
OF CRIME.

UNDYING, YES! FOR FROGANARDO (THE LAUGHING
DEMON WITHIN THIS SEVERED HEAD) LIVED ON!





STRANGE RUMORS SPREAD THROUGH FRANCE
OF A MYSTERIOUS LAUGHING SKULL THAT KILLED!
IT EVENTUALLY BECAME THE SUBJECT
OF A FAMOUS, FRENCH GRAND GUIGNOL PLAY!

HAW!
HAW!
HAW!

LITTLE DID VIEWERS OF
THIS PLAY REALIZE THAT THE
STUNNING TRICK SKULL IN THE
PLAY WAS A REAL DEMON!
FROGANARDO HIMSELF.

HAW! HAW!
HAW!

WHEN THE
SKULL WAS STOLEN BY A
TRAVELING AMERICAN
PUPPETEER!

A FATAL MISTAKE
FOR HIM, BUT A BREAK FOR
FROGANARDO!

... FOR
NOW HE HAD
A NEW HUMAN
HOME TO
DWELL IN,...

...AND A NEW CAREER IN A NEW COUNTRY!

A PUPPET SHOW DEPICTING THE BLOODY
CAREER OF MONSIEUR FROGANARD
BECAME A MAJOR CARNIVAL
ATTRACTION ALL ACROSS AMERICA!

AND ITS STRANGE,
STRINGLESS PUPPET STAR
CREATED QUITE A
STIR.

NOW THE PORTION OF THE PUPPET THEATRE
WHERE THE STRINGED PUPPETS WERE
OPERATED
WAS QUITE SMALL;

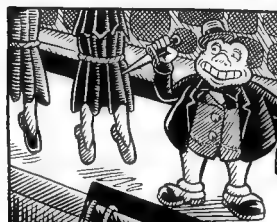
AND SINCE ONLY A CHILD
COULD POSSIBLY FIT IN THERE,

A SERIES OF YOUNG
BOYS WERE BEGUILLED
INTO JOINING THE
SHOW.

WHO WERE ROUTINELY MURDERED
WHEN THEY GREW TOO LARGE.



OR, IN MY CASE, TOO CURIOUS!



FOR NOW, FROGANARDO REVEALED THOSE THINGS THAT I COULD NOT OR WOULD NOT REMEMBER!



LIKE THAT DAY DURING A PERFORMANCE, WHEN I SLIPPED OUT OF MY LITTLE ALCOVE JUST FOR A MOMENT.

I JUST HAD TO SEE HOW HE MADE THAT PUPPET MOVE! AND I LOOKED WHERE I WAS FORBIDDEN TO LOOK!



I SAW!

AND I WAS SEEN!



THEN FROGANARDO GLEEFULLY TOLD WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT!

I WAS MERE SECONDS AWAY
FROM DEATH!


WHEN
SUDDENLY,

OPEN UP!
IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

FROGANARDO
HAD TO ACT
FAST!

NO
TIME FOR
ANY BRAIN OR
EYE BALL
EATING
NOW!

INSTEAD, INCREDIBLY
JUST AS THE POLICE BROKE IN,
FROGANARDO HID BY FEEDING HIMSELF TO ME!



GANG, IT'S PROBABLY A LITTLE HARD FOR YOU ALL TO UNDERSTAND, JUST WHAT A RELIEF HEARING FROGANARDO'S STORY WAS TO ME!

NOW DON'T GET ME WRONG. I'D SENSED FOR YEARS THAT THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG INSIDE OF ME.

BUT I ALWAYS KIND OF FIGURED IT WAS UP HERE.

AND YOU SEE, NOW, AT LEAST I KNEW THE BEAST WAS IN MY BELLY, ...

... AND NOT SOME MADNESS IN MY HEAD!

FOR YEARS I'D TRIED TO LIVE WITH IT. AFTER ALL, IT HAD MADE ME A RADIO STAR!

BUT AS TIME WENT BY, I WAS BECOMING INCREASINGLY OBSESSED BY DARK URGES THAT WERE BECOMING HARDER AND HARDER TO CONTROL!

WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME! I'VE GOT AN OVERWHELMING DESIRE TO BURN THIS PLACE TO THE GROUND!

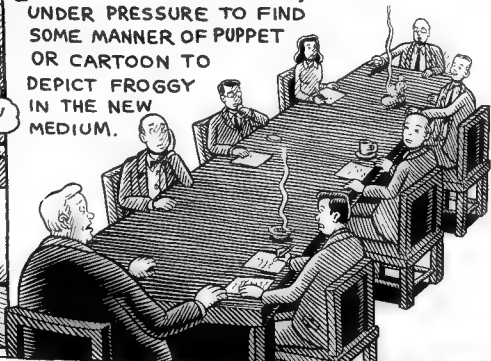


I'LL JUST LEAVE YOU TWO TO GET ACQUAINTED!

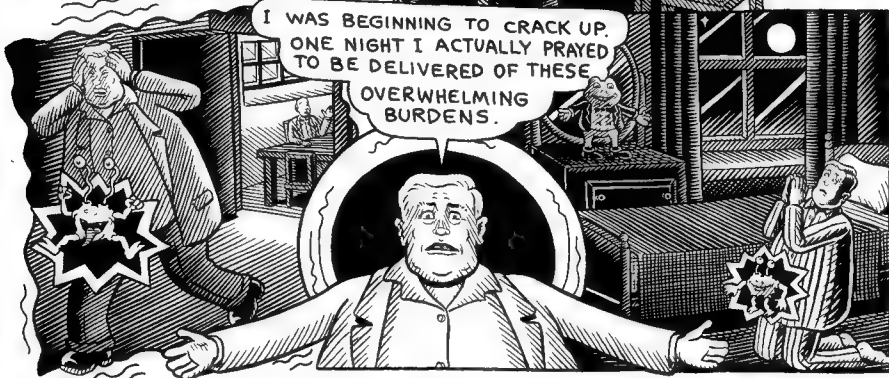
OH NO! I'VE GOT TO FIGHT OFF THIS URGE TO CUT OFF HER OXYGEN SUPPLY!



THEN CAME TELEVISION, AND I WAS UNDER PRESSURE TO FIND SOME MANNER OF PUPPET OR CARTOON TO DEPICT FROGGY IN THE NEW MEDIUM.



I WAS BEGINNING TO CRACK UP. ONE NIGHT I ACTUALLY PRAYED TO BE DELIVERED OF THESE OVERWHELMING BURDENS.



THAT NIGHT,
I SLEPT MORE PEACEFULLY
THAN I HAD IN MANY
YEARS,...

... TOTALLY
OBLIVIOUS TO THE UTTERLY
BIZARRE MANNER IN WHICH
MY PRAYERS WERE ABOUT
TO BE ANSWERED.

WHEN I AWOKE, A RUBBER
FROGGY DOLL ON MY DRESSER
HAD MYSTERIOUSLY
COME TO LIFE.

HA! JUST WAIT 'TIL THOSE T.V.
BIG SHOTS SEE ME!

AND IT WAS
TRUE OF COURSE.
THE NEW "PUPPET"
WAS SURE TO
BE A BIG
HIT!

BUT
SOMETHING
ELSE WAS MAKING
A FAR GREATER
IMPRESSION
ON ME!

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AGES! I FELT LIGHTER! CLEAR
HEADED, UNHAUNTED ... AND, DARE I SAY IT? FREE!

BUT THEN, SO WAS
FROGGY.

AND
DOC LEDICKER
AND MILES MICROFT
GOT A MAJOR
EARFUL OF HIS
REVOLTING
PLAN FOR
EXPLOITING
CHILDREN!

AND THAT SICK SCHEME OF HIS
TO BLOW ME AND A BOAT LOAD
OF INNOCENT KIDS TO
KINGDOM COME!
WHEN I OPPOSED HIS
DEMENTED PLANS.

THANK HEAVENS
FOR YOUR TIMELY
INTERVENTION.

YEAH, THANKS ALOT!



AND MICROFT GAVE DOC THAT OLD SPELL HE COULD USE
TO DISMISS FROGGY (OR, SHOULD I SAY, FROGANARDO)

STRAIGHT TO HELL, ANY
TIME HE GOT OUT
OF HAND.

GOT IT RIGHT HERE!


BAH!

OLD FROGANARDO WAS
GIVEN THE CHOICE OF
GETTING SENT BACK TO HELL
OR GETTING BACK INTO A
FROGGY DOLL AND
DOING OUR SHOW DOWN
HERE!

TAKE IT OR
LEAVE
IT.

OF COURSE IT
HAD TO BE A
NEW
DOLL.

POLICE DISCOVERED THE OLD ONE, ALONG WITH THAT PLUGGED IN
T.V., AT ST. AGNES CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL. OF COURSE THEY WERE TOTALLY BAFFLED.



IN FACT, EVERYBODY DOWN HERE GOT QUITE A LAUGH OVER THE
PIECE ON IT THAT THEY DID ON THAT UNSOLVED MYSTERIES
T.V. SHOW; WELL, ALMOST
EVERYBODY, THAT IS.

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

AND THIS TOY DOLL, WITH
ITS RUBBER EYES CUT OUT,
IS THE ONLY TANTALIZING
CLUE TO THIS
UNSOLVED
MYSTERY!

LATER,
DOC LEDICKER
GIVES WALDO
A TOUR OF
THIS STRANGELY
INTRIGUING
SUBTERRANEAN
ARCHIVE.

ONE THING'S SURE.
I DON'T BLAME OLD
FROGGY FOR NOT
WANTING TO GO
BACK TO HELL.

IT'S PRETTY BAD, HUH?

WELL,
IT'S JUST LIKE
ANYTHING ELSE!
IF YOU'RE NOT IN
WITH THE IN CROWD,
YOU'RE JUST
ANOTHER
SHMUCK.



I MEAN, HERE HE'S GOT A CHANCE
TO BE USEFUL; YOU KNOW,
TO BE SOMEBODY.

YES,
OF COURSE,...

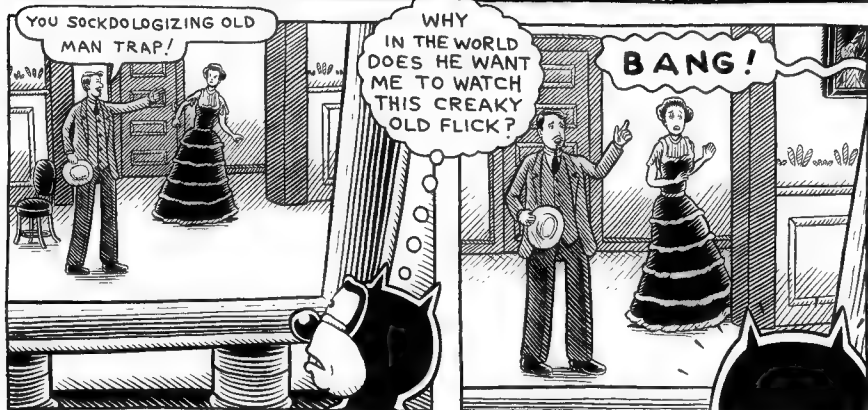
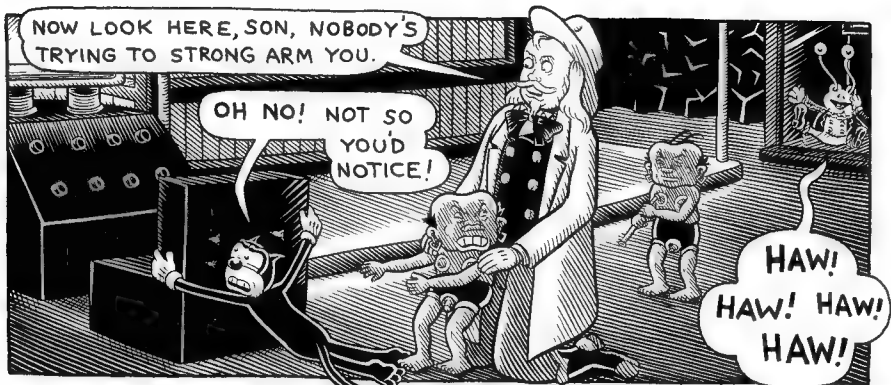
BUT DIDN'T IT EVER
OCCUR TO YOU THAT THE
SAME THING MIGHT BE TRUE
OF YOURSELF?

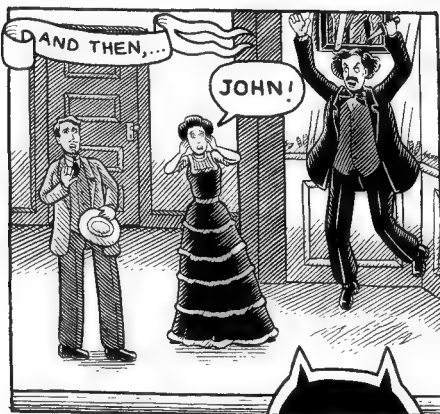
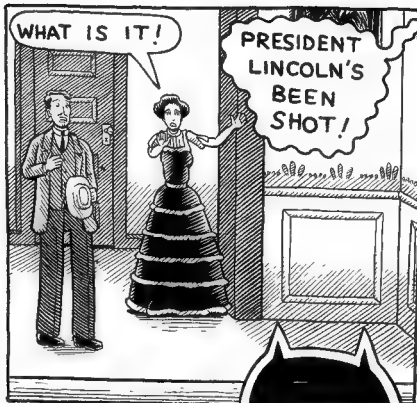
WAIT A MINUTE! DON'T GET
ANY IDEAS! I'M NOT
STAYING HERE
AND,...

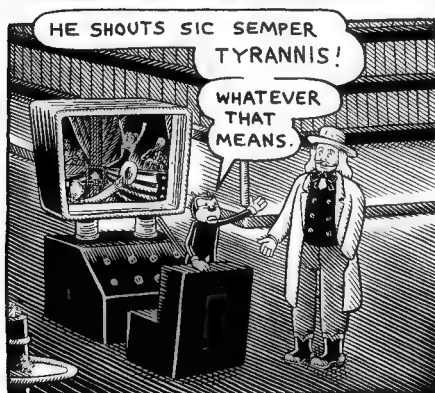
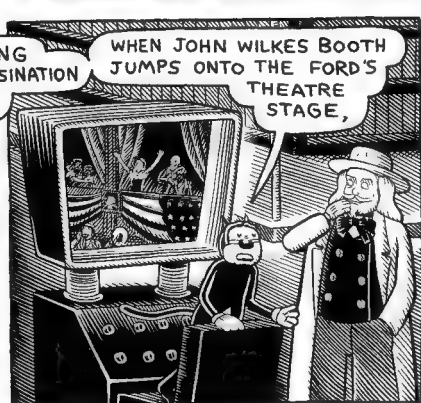
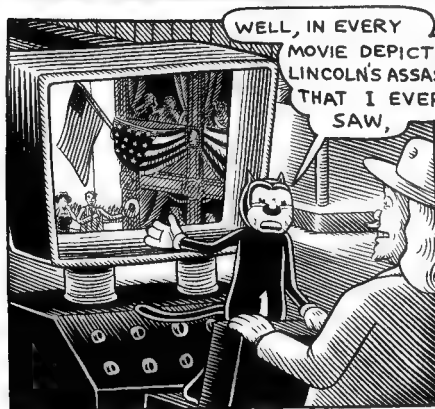
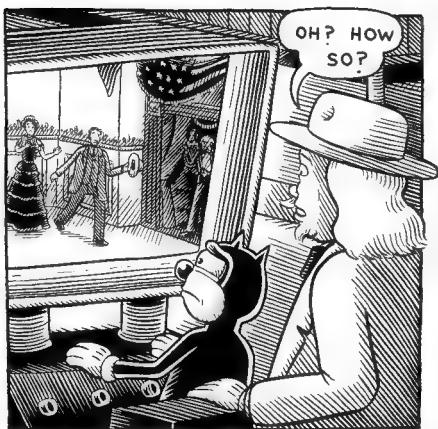
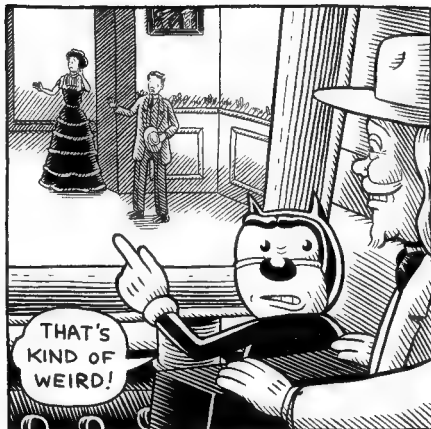
HEY!

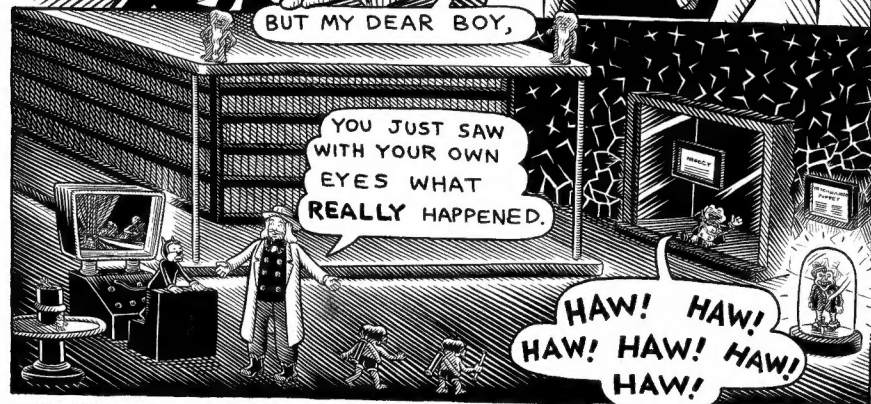
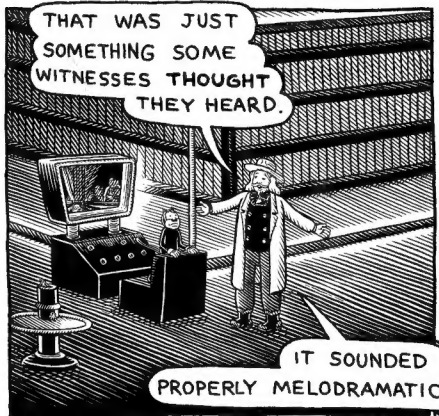
OH NO! NOT
THAT SHIT AGAIN!!!

HAW! HAW!
HAW! HAW!
WELCOME TO
THE CLUB, PAL!



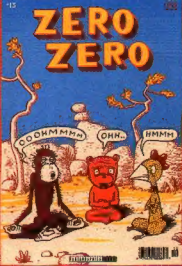
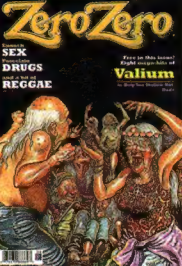
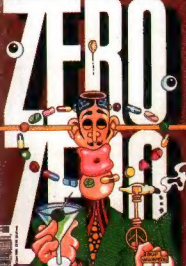
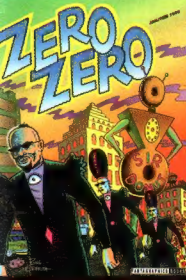
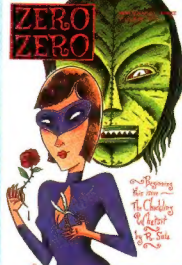
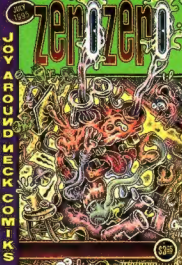






DON'T YOU DARE MISS THE ASTONISHING CONCLUSION NEXT ISSUE!

Kim Deitch



ZZ #1

(March-April 1995)
60-page premiere issue! Cover by GARY PANTER. Back cover by GLENN HEAD, "Fuzz and Pluck" debuts, a "New Adventure of the Fuzz and Pluck" story, plus CHARLES BUKOWSKI and PAT MORIARTY, MIKE DIANA, a jam by MICHAEL DOUGAN and the DEITCHES, DAVE COLLIER, DAVID HOLZMAN's wordless woodcut masterpiece "The Man With the Bag," read by FRANK STACK, FLEENER, J.R. WILLIAMS, MAX ANDERSSON, and more!

ZZ #2

(May-June 1995)
We proudly present the first new "Trashman" story by SPAIN and ALGERNON BACKWASH in a long time! Also, RICHARD SALA continues the first chapter of "The Chuckling Whatsit," with a cover, MACK WHITE debuts "Homunculus"; the first "Car-Boy" story by MAX ANDERSSON; plus MATSO, ROY TOMPKINS, GLENN HEAD, more COLLIER and STACK, and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI's Japanese censorship story "Stop the Hair Nude"!

ZZ #3

(July 1995)
HENRIETTE VALIUM cover! RICK ALTERGOTT's "Douché Bag Dugan"! A new SKIP WILLIAMSON story, "The Air-Conditioning Man"! MAX ANDERSSON's awesomely depraved silent masterpiece "Lolita"! GLENN HEAD goes on a "Rattleduck Hunt," new chapters of "Jesus," "Whatsit," and "Fuzz and Pluck," plus RAW's MARK NEWGARDEN, DAVID SANDLIN, and DAVID COLLIER.

ZZ #4

(August 1995)
The first of those awesome two-color AL COLUMBIA jobs. "I Was Killing When Killing Wasn't Cool" makes this our most popular issue from the first year! KAZ and TIMOTHY GEORGARAKIS debut the visually stunning "Meat Box," plus the usual gang of ZZ idiots (namely SALA and COLLIER) and short pieces from MAX ANDERSSON, TED STEARN (a dream story), CAROL TYLER, and JEFF JOHNSON. Back cover by none other than MARK BEYER!

ZZ #5

(Sept.-Oct. 1995)
The superstars flock to this issue! JOE COLEMAN did the cover! CHRIS WARE did the inside front cover! JUSTIN GREEN did our inside cover stories from KIM DEITCH (five "Quickie Classics"); the second big chunk of "Meat Box"; "Curse of the Cuddly Critters Factory," a big of MAX ANDERSSON tale; plus the usual dose of SALA and COLLIER, and the second chapter of MACK WHITE's "Homunculus"!

ZZ #16

(April-May 1997)
This 60-page whopper starts off with a bang: KAZ on the cover! Also, a never-before (or since) collected CHRIS WARE cover of "The Man With the Bag." Also, AL COLUMBIA's stunning two-color "Blood-Clot Boy," HENRIETTE VALIUM's 2-color "The Man From the Sewer," plus "Meat Box," KRISTINE KRYTTRE, PIRINEN, PENNY VAN HORN, ALEKSANDAR ZOGRA, SKIP WILLIAMSON's "Conflagration," P. REVESS, and a BLANQUET "Silent Story"!
Much, much more!

ZZ #17

(June 1997)
MICHAEL DOUGAN describes a cartoonist's worst nightmare in the long, hilarious, and cover featured "Double Booked"! Also, a new chapter of "Silent Story" by BLANQUET, the wacky stylings of ZZ newcomer ETHAN PERSOFF, MAX ANDERSSON, RENEE FRENCH, plus J.R. WILLIAMS, "Fuzz and Pluck," "Crumple," and "Whatsit"!

ZZ #18

(July 1997)
They said we were fucking nuts, but we did it anyway: We put SAM HENDERSON on the cover! Also in this issue, "Misable Insect" by J. R. WILLIAMS, the true story "Young Jeffrey Dahmer" by DERE, plus ETHAN PERSOFF, "Crumple," "Whatsit," M.L. TEAGUE, and an ARCHER PREWITT "Funny Bunny" story. And a full-color story by WALT HOLCOMBE on the back cover, just because we love you!

ZZ #19

(August 1997)
MASSIMO SEMERANO and FRANCESCA GHERMANDI's "Pop. 666" debuts in this issue. Other creators with an ax to grind include JEFF JOHNSON, GLENN HEAD, MAX ANDERSSON, BLANQUET — and we even throw in the final chapter of "Meat Box" by KAZ and GEORGARAKIS at no extra cost!

ZZ #6

(Nov.-Dec. 1995)
KIM DEITCH is God, and proves it yet again with the first chapter of "The Strange Secret of Molly O'Dare" (16 pages and a cover, no less!). The rest of the issue isn't chopped liver, either, with an inside cover by SKIP WILLIAMSON, a new chapter of "Fuzz and Pluck," a back cover by RICK ALTERGOTT, plus TH. METZGER and BOB FINGERMAN's "Mr. Hypno-Goozopoopin' Man," part three of "Fuzz and Pluck," and SALA and COLLIER.

ZZ #15

(March 1997)
JOE SACCO paves his way for his "Bosnia" works with the 21-page "Christmas with Karadzic"! This is NCN in any way reprinted or collected in HQ or not, and the upcoming graphic novel — it's a free-standing item you can only get here! The rest of the issue offers some lighter fare from P. REVESS, SAM HENDERSON, and HENRIETTE VALIUM, plus a disgusting back cover from AL COLUMBIA, COLLIER, "Whatsit," and "Crumple" round off the issue.

ZZ #24

(Summer 1998)
Accordion- and guitar-playing rats by ARCHER PREWITT lead off this issue, which also includes IVAN BRUNETTI's typically revolting "Smilin' and Pissy," SUSAN CATHERINE and OSCAR ZARATE's "Walking with Melanie Klein," more "Smilin' Ed" and a "Junk Rabbit," the final piece of "Pop. 666" (it's a chifhangner, sorry!) — and a "Cosmonaut" to boot!

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...or call 1-800-657-1100 if you want to order via credit card.
NOTE: Issues #8 and #16 are \$6.50 postpaid on account they're really big and thick and full of stuff and all!

ZZ #20

(Sept.-Oct. 1997)
"Amnesia": eight pages, two colors, AL COLUMBIA, nuff said. GLENN HEAD leads off with a cover and story, "Maxwell and the Maxwell Kids." We blow a fond good-bye kiss to "Crumple," plus "Homunculus," "Pop. 666," a full-color story by M.L. TEAGUE, and the first LEWIS TRONDHEIM "Cosmonaut"!

ZZ #7

(Jan.-Feb. 1996)
BILL GRIFFITH's epic-length "BestWorld" dominates this issue, with a cover and everything! GILBERT HERNANDEZ loses his Zero Zero cherry, ARCHER PREWITT introduces "Funny Bunny," plus MAX ANDERSSON's Christmas-themed nightmare "Good Claus Bad Claus," RICHARD SALA continues "Whatsit," KIM DEITCH plows on with "Molly," and COLLIER brings up the rear this time with a full-color strip.

ZZ #14

(Jan.-Feb. 1997)
BLANQUET cover, and the first two "Silent Stories"! Also in this issue, TERRY LABAN, KIM DEITCH (full-color back cover), SUSAN CATHERINE and OSCAR ZARATE's "The Time I tried to Kidnap Myself," and "Crumple"/"Whatsit"/COLLIER. Also, some MIKE DIANA stuff just to give you something to whine about.

ZZ #23

(March-April 1998)
DOUG ALLEN's 12-page cover feature "Tired" includes drag racing, motorcycle babes, and pizza! Also in this issue, P. REVESS, JASON LITTLE, a thoroughly disgusting HENRIETTE VALIUM strip, ETHAN PERSOFF, RENEE FRENCH, the first part of MIKE DIANA's "Junk Rabbit," plus a BLANQUET "Silent Story"!

ZZ #22

(Jan.-Feb. 1998)
Texas hero MACK WHITE's "Homunculus" gets the lead slot, and a double-length chapter to boot. Toss in 11 pages of KIM DEITCH's "Smilin' Ed," another eight-page chunk of "Pop. 666," the thrilling conclusion of the "Fuzz and Pluck" serial, and you have room for hardly anything else — well, okay, a superb two-color outer-space SETH inside front cover and the second full-color LEWIS TRONDHEIM "Cosmonaut."

ZZ #21

(Nov.-Dec. 1997)
In "The Search For Smilin' Ed," KIM DEITCH goes on a journey of discovery. His research into the mysterious past of a kiddie-show icon uncovers some unsavory and terrifying things, and then Waldo the Cat turns up! This issue includes FIFTY-ONE new pages of Deitch art, including full-color front and back covers.

ZZ #8

(March-April 1996)
Oh nomma! CHARLES BURNS' cover leads off an extra-thick anniversary special, which includes an inside front cover by AL COLUMBIA, a awesome two-color ARCHER PREWITT "Sof'Boy," a blistering HENRIETTE VALIUM centrepiece, MIKE DIANA's virgin Zero Zero strip "The Legend of the Florida Man-Fish," as well as big chunks of "Molly," "Whatsit," "Homunculus," COLLIER, a full-color "Car-Boy," and a PAT MORIARTY back cover!

ZZ #13

(Nov.-Dec. 1996)
"Fuzz and Pluck" accedes to the coveted front cover slot, and respond with a 15-page chapter. O glorios day! Also in this issue, JIM BLANCHARD, DOUG ALLEN (with a new "Idiotland" page), MAX ANDERSSON, SAM HENDERSON (one of his classic "ass" strips, "Seized Asses"), SKIP WILLIAMSON's best strip in years, "Suddenly Things Turned Ugly"! Also, of course, "Crumple," "Whatsit," and COLLIER!
"Homunculus," too!

ZZ #12

(Sept.-Oct. 1996)
MAX ANDERSSON's 15-page "Death" is his longest story since the glorious Fizz, and gets the cover. As a result, MICHAEL DOUGAN is the man on the inside front cover, DAN CLOWES is on the back cover, plus "Boots the Bear" by JOAKIM PIRINEN, and P. REVESS's "District Attorney of 1,000 Faces," "Whatsit" and "Crumple" continue, too!

ZZ #11

(August 1996)
DAVE COOPER's masterpiece of misogynistic terror "Crumple" (his follow-up to "Suckle") begins, and he did it over KAZ provides an inside-front-cover two-color strip, ROY TOMPKINS the back cover, plus DAVID MAZZUCHELLI's "Stubs," another chunk of "Fuzz and Pluck" ... and of course more "Whatsit," and COLLIER too!

ZZ #10

(July 1996)
DREW FRIEDMAN's front cover makes fun of Rolling Stone for no good reason, but then, who cares? This issue also features eight (count 'em) HENRIETTE VALIUM stories, a new Monroe Simmons story by SAM HENDERSON, plus "Car-Boy," JEFF JOHNSON, COLLIER, MIKE DIANA, a new big DAVID HOLZMAN woodcut story, and more "Whatsit" and "Homunculus." Plus a real offensive SKIP WILLIAMSON "Jesus Is Back" back cover!

ZZ #9

(May-June 1996)
We love Snappy Sammy Smoot, so we're very grateful that SKIP WILLIAMSON did not only a new story, but also a cover for this issue! Also on board, a first-timers SAM HENDERSON, SUSAN CATHERINE and OSCAR ZARATE, STEPHANE BLANQUET (with "The Thing They Call Death"), plus more "Whatsit," "Fuzz and Pluck," and COLLIER, and a back cover by HENRIETTE VALIUM!

